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For the Myrtle.

Lines.

[On the death of a beautiful boy who was deserted by his father.]

Precious little human flower,
Bud and blossom of an hour;
From the cold world's cruel scorn,
From an orphan's lot forlorn;
Torn from out thy mother's arms,
Robbed of thy endearing charms,
Thou wast taken, beauteous one,
When thy life had just begun.

Suummer b.rds make haste to fly,
Summer flowers droop and die;
Happy hours make no delay;
Time will bear us hence away;
In a happier home above,
May we meet thee, child of love.

A. S. T.

Naughty Birdie.

Hy, dear 'ittle birdie, how pitty 'ou look,
Wiv 'oor b'ue 'ittle bonnet so bwight,
Does 'oor dear mamma div 'ou a nice 'ittle book
To put it away in at night?

Come here, 'ittle birdie, I'll not take it off,
Only det a nice pattern for dolly,
And 'en 'ou can bwing me a fezzar, 'ou know,
And we'll make her one. Won't it be jolly!

'En too, 'ou can taste of my cake 'at's so dood,
It is not very wich I assure 'ou,
I know it can't hurt you; but 'en if it s'oud,
We've a dear 'ittle doctor who'd cure 'ou

I'll show 'ou my own 'ittle pussy cat, too,
Her fezzars are finer zan 'oors,
And 'et she don't sing quite so pitty as 'ou,
On 'e twee top wight after 'e showers.

Why birdie! 'Ou gone? I don't think 'ou polite!
'Ou went wi'out saying "dood-by,"
I don't think 'oor mamma has told 'ou what's wight
Or 'ou wouldn't make 'ittle dirls cwy!

Roxbury Gazette.

For the Myrtle.

Summer Holidays.

PART I.

"GOOD-BYE to school and school books, slates and slate pencils, pen and pen-knives for two whole weeks! And now, mother, hurrah for our visit to the country," said Charles Harlow as he sprang into his mother's sitting-room, threw down his slate and satchel and tossed his cap quite to the ceiling.

His mother, with his little sister Ellen by her side, was quietly sitting at work, engaged in putting the last stitches to a neat sun-bonnet that was to shade the smiling face of her little girl while she was visiting in the country. Mrs. Harlow looked up and smiled at the noisy boy, amused to see the delight and exultation he displayed at being freed from the restraints of school for a time. She knew her son well deserved the pleasures he was so joyfully anticipating, for he had been sudying very closely the last six or eight weeks, preparing for an examination and exhibition of his school. Charles was a good scholar and ambitious, too, and was ever anxious to keep a first place in his class. He had therefore worked hard, and only the day before his parents had the gratification of seeing him pass through his examination with much credit to himself; and they saw, too, how brightly his black eyes sparkled and how his dark cheeks glowed with happiness as his teacher publicly praised him for his close attention to his studies.

But what boy or girl does not rejoice when the holidays arrive? And doubly do they enjoy their sports, if they feel sure they have earned these indulgences by good attention to their books and a cheerful obedience to their teacher.

Charles Harlow was a fine, noble-spirited boy of fourteen years; full of life and energy, entering earnestly into every occupation that interested him, whether study or amusement. He was a mirthful, laughter-loving little fellow, frank and generous too, with a large share of perseverance in his character. This trait, while it helped him through many trials and aided him in conquering many difficulties, yet became a serious fault, when carried so far, it borrowed the dark shade of stubbornness and took the uncomfortable appellation of obstinacy.

Our friend Charles had suffered not a little by the exercise of this same spirit. Though his fine sense and excellent disposition often made him feel sorry for persevering in wrong doing, and he would not deliberately have committed a bad action, yet he was like many boys and girls, quite too apt to think himself in the right and at times felt very unwilling to yield to the advice of others. His parents resided in a large sea-port of New England.

Charles and Ellen seldom left school for a visit out of town excepting during their holidays, and true it is, there never were two brighter, happier looking faces than their own as they sat beside their father and mother in their pretty Rockaway wagon, while their favorite horse was taking them pleasantly along the road that led to their uncle's residence. Their ride was short, very short to them it seemed, as their uncle lived at Chestnut Hill, only twelve miles distant but, they fully enjoyed every moment.

It was a lovely morning in June, that most cheerful of all the months, that season of birds, buds and blossoms, when everything on the earth and in the air is glowing with life and animation. The various fruit trees laden with bright flowers, filling the air with sweetness and promising stores of rich fruit for autumn. The many gay warblers of summer were making the air ring with their glad tones of sweetest music, and our little people of the town felt their hearts swell with joy at their own freedom and happiness. When they arrived at Chestnut Hill, they rode slowly up the beautiful avenue leading to the house, finely shaded by the tall old trees that lined it on either side.

They soon espied Mr. and Mrs. Wilton with their son and daughter, standing on the piazza, waiting to welcome their expected guests. When Charles first noticed them, he exclaimed, "There are Uncle and Aunt Wilton, and see, Nelly, there is cousin Mary, and George too with his fishing-rod on his shoulder! I do believe he is only waiting for me to set off on a fishing frolic!"

Then without asking his father to stop the horse, the active boy sprang from the carriage, and when his parents and sister arrived, he was just telling his cousin George "that he was on hand for any kind of sporting."

After the usual shaking of hands and all the many kindly greetings had passed around, George and Charles walked off together, while the rest of the party entered the house. We will step in with them, but let us stop a moment at the hall door and look at the fine prospect spread before the eye. This mansion, large and elegant, stood on a hill that rose very gradually from the bank of the Sagamore, a lovely river that had its source a few miles higher in the country, and wound its way in a very serpent-like manner, separating rich green fields and thickly wooded banks, until it poured its waters into the bosom of a large bay not very far distant. There was a great variety in the grounds belonging to this place. There were several groves of chestnut trees and they were at this time filled with their long, feathery bunches of white flowers so pure looking and so very fragrant.

There was at quite a distance from the house, a large piece of woods filled with a fine growth of the maple and the oak. About the rivers lay the rich meadows, then there were the upland fields, with their grasses waving in the wind, those beautiful grasses, so soon to be laid low by the scythe of the mower. The large garden, sloped from the end of the house toward an arm of the river, called Willow Creek, that ran in a pretty curve around one part of the garden. This spot was very beautiful, with its smooth terraces, its borders of smiling flowers, its rows of weeping willows bending over the stream until their graceful foliage nearly touched the bright waters.

There were other ornamental trees, and there too were many that later in the season would be laden with the most delicious fruits. After noticing the arbors covered with many a climbing plant, the trellises with their luxuriant grape vines, the strawberry beds covered with their bright blossoms, we will leave the garden and

enter the house to see what has become of little Ellen, for it is of her and Charles we must now be speaking.

If we take a peep into Aunt Wilton's back parlor, we shall see the older ones of the party sitting before the large windows that opened to the floor of a piazza, giving a view of the garden and the water beyond. There too was little Nellie, most happily seated in Cousin Mary's lap, for this Cousin Mary, though quite a young lady, nineteen years old, indeed, was the idol of Ellen's heart and of many another beside.

The child loved her for her kind and gentle manners, her willingness to ramble with her whenever she wanted to take a stroll, and then she was always ready to assist her in any of her sports and games. And dearly did Nelly love to stand beside her cousin and hear her play on the piano, and sing the "Spider's Invitation to the Fly," the "Lady Bird's Song," and many another she had learned purposely to please her little pet.

Nellie could sing too like a very bird, and much of music was there, in her clear, sweet voice. She was but six years old and her father was unwilling she should have instruction on the piano until she was somewhat older, though Cousin Mary did plead most earnestly for her to commence taking lessons at once.

Uncle and Aunt Wilton now proposed a walk in the garden. We will not join their party as we wish to step after Charles and his cousin.

George Wilton was a tall, slender boy of sixteen, devotedly fond of his home and everything belonging to it. His love of active sports was very strong, he exercised a great deal and would endure much fatigue. You will think he would soon wear out his "town cousin" as he called him, when they were off on a tramp, though Charles was ambitious and eager to prove to him that he could go as far and bear as much as any other boy of his age. George had thrown aside his fishing-rod, and the boys were now on their way to the piece of woods which we mentioned, accompanied by a handsome brown spaniel, a most intelligent looking dog, who had been taught many a cunning trick by his young master.

When they reached the woods, George amused himself by showing Charles the nests of the different birds he had been watching day after day for many weeks. From some of them the mother birds flew off and they saw the pretty eggs not yet ready to be hatched, in others were the young nestlings just out of the shell, and with open beaks were asking loudly for food. There was a partridge sitting on her nest; alarmed at their approach, she flew off with a noise quite startling to one not familiar with the sound. There were the squirrels too, the gray, the red, and the striped ones, jumping and running over the trees from branch to branch, and all this was very delightful to Charles. They now set off for home with Carlo at their heels, engaging to take a longer walk through these woods some other time.

Our Darling.

Bounding like a foot-ball,
Kicking at the door;
Falling from the table top,
Sprawling on the floor;

Smashing cups and saucers,
Splitting dolly's head;
Putting little pussy cat
Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses,
Spoiling father's hat,
Hiding mother's precious keys
Underneath the mat:

Jumping on the fender,
Poking at the fire,
Dancing on its little legs —
Legs that never tire —

Making mother's heart leap
Fifty times a day;
Aping everything we do,
Every word we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling,
Roaring with a will,
Anywhere and everywhere,
Never, never still.

Present — bringing sunshine;
Absent — leaving night;
That's our precious darling,
That's our heart's delight.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" when a bright little fellow held up his hand.

"Do you know, James?"

"Yes, ma'am; because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

Conscience is God's monitor to warn us against sin.

Harry Walton and his Sister.

HARRY WALTON is just the brightest, smartest little boy I ever saw. He is one of those lovable, whole-souled boys that it does your heart good to see. He is not large; oh, no! Harry is only four years old: just the right age for boys, I think; don't you?

Harry is very affectionate. He loves to steal softly up to his mother when she is sitting in the twilight, wind his chubby arms about her neck, cuddle his face up to hers, and "rest," he says. But we all know that this is his way of telling her how much he loves her. I am sure Mrs. Walton would not part with these "twilight lovings" for all the riches of India.

Harry has a little sister Ruth. She is a tiny tot. When she first claimed relationship, Harry would stand a little off, with his hands behind him, and look at her, just as if he were studying, trying to find out what that dainty little compound of pink and white, done up in such wonderfully long dresses, knit caps, and socks, could be. But as baby grew older, and left off the caps, and began to shake her rattle at him, and coo so sweetly, Harry began to think that his "nose wasn't much broken," and he was sure he would have a real nice time when she "got big enough for me to squeeze."

By-and by the baby grew so large, that she wanted to have more room to move about in; and she couldn't get at her toes with her long dresses on. You see the baby liked to play with and coo at her toes; so Mrs. Walton put her into a short dress. You should have seen Harry when he first got a glimpse of her in this dress.

"O mamma! please put her down. Let her walk to me!" he cried.

Ruthie was not old enough to walk; but Mrs. Walton held her so that her feet would just touch the floor; then how she would dance while Harry sang!

Sometimes Mrs. Walton would let her little boy sit on the floor and hold his sister. He was just as careful of her as he could be; he would kiss her and hug her, and then she would scream with delight. Sometimes she would get her little dimpled hand tangled up in his curly hair, and pull, all the time cooing and crowing; but Harry wouldn't cry, not he.

"She don't know that she hurts, does she, mamma?" the good-hearted little fellow would say, and bravely stand all the pulling and rough dealing Miss Ruthie chose to give him.

When summer came, and the birds sang such sweet songs from their perches in the garden-trees, Harry used to draw Ruthie in her little carriage up and down the walks, so that she could see them. And sometimes they would fly down on to the ground: then Harry would throw them crumbs of bread, because he knew that his sister loved to have them near.

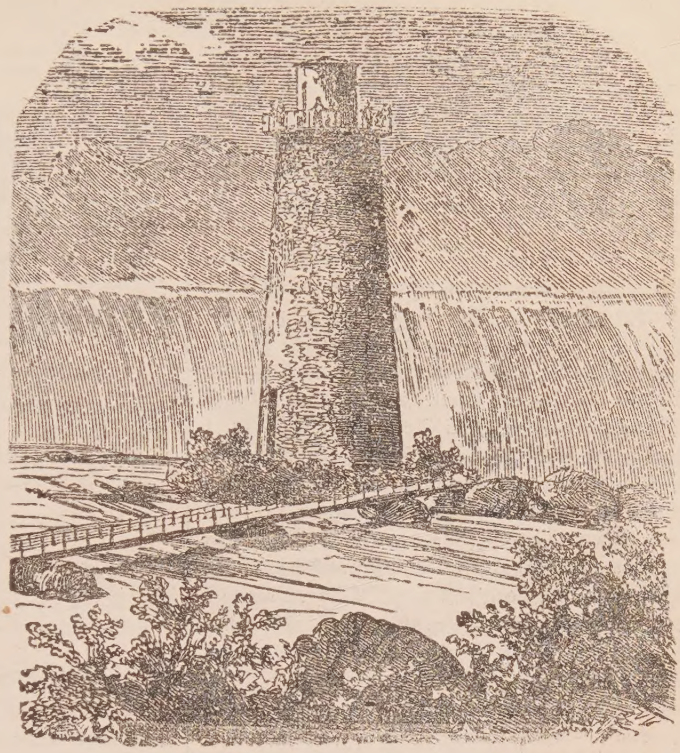
Yes, Harry was a dear brother to the little girl; always ready to leave his play to attend to her wishes and wants. It is a pretty sight to see a brother and sister so attached to each other; it speaks well for their future.

I am very sure that Harry will grow up to be a fine man. I am sure that honest heart of his will be filled with love and sympathy, shedding a warm glow over the woes and sorrows of poor suffering humanity. — *Well-Spring.*

BETTER do it than wish it done.

For the Myrtle.

A Visit to Niagara.



TWO years ago, on a journey to the West, I found I was to pass within a mile of Niagara Falls. As I had never seen this famous place I could not miss the chance; and although my party went on to Chicago without me, I stopped to pay a five hours' solitary visit to this wonder of waters.

As I started in the way train and saw every eye looking out for the first glimpse of the distant falls, a strange sense of expectancy came over me. And it was fully satisfied; for this is almost the only famous place I ever saw that did not in the least disappoint me. The first glimpse was wonderful, and at every new view the place grew more wonderful and impressive. I do not wonder that foreign travellers who come to this country, landing at New York, take the first train of cars for Niagara.

After taking my lonely dinner at a hotel, I started to find my way to Goat Island, guided only by the roar of the falls. I soon came to the Bridge, and paid the first of the many tolls that are made so annoying to travellers. Still following the sound I took one of the picturesque paths in this lovely park, passed the countless arbors and pavilions and stands of the bead-working Indians, and came out at last on a broad, flat rock where the opposite side of the falls came into full view. I shall not try to tell you how it looked or how I felt, for you have seen a thousand pictures of the falls from Table Rock, and no one can make you feel the solemnity and majesty and power of it, until you have stood there yourself.

Here my loneliness ended; for a carriage approached, and a young gentleman and lady who had travelled with me the day before, left it and came and kindly invited me to do the rest of the sight-seeing with them. It was just the good-heartedness of strangers that we so often find in travelling; but we soon found that we were neighbors at home, and so I was indebted to the place for new friends, and you are indebted to them for the rest of the story.

We went together over a frail little foot-bridge to Terrapin Tower that was built almost over the very edge of the fall. We climbed up the stairs inside, with the roar of the falls almost deafening us, and coming out on the balcony at the top had the grandest view of all. The place was full of people before us, and going around the balcony who should I meet, face to face, but one of our own MYRTLE writers, whom you well know as "B. G. R." He was on his homeward way from the very state where we were going. And although there are places enough to pass each other between Massachusetts and Minnesota, it *did* seem a little curious that we should meet on the top of Terrapin Tower!

So our party grew to four. We went to view the swift and wonderful rapids, and passed from one to another of the little "Three Sisters" islands over rustic bridges. Then we had a long carriage ride to where we could see the falls from below. And we went to the place

where people descend to the very edge of the fall below on a hand-car that rolls down an inclined plane. It made us shiver to think of this descent, and we did not try it, neither did we go down the long flight of steps to the "Cave of the Winds," encased in rubber clothing to keep off the spray, and every one says: "Oh, then you do not know half about the wonders of the place."

We stopped at a handsome booth where curiosities were sold, and saw scores of different photographs of the place, and quantities of the Indian work in beads and bark, and shells and feathers, vases and thermometers made of the singular quartz-rock found there, and all manner of beautiful carving from the various woods. I have in my hand now a penholder carved in the semblance of a full blown rose with a long spray of leaves. In the centre of the rose is a crystal dew-drop, and looking through the dew-drop you may see a child on its knees and underneath, in tiny letters, the Lord's Prayer. This memento I have in honor of the suggestion of the MYRTLE that came to us on Terrapin Tower. For not all the wonders of the place made us forget our work at home; and I think my last good-by to my eastern-bound friend was, "Take care of the MYRTLE until I get back."

I have learned this summer that Terrapin Tower is no more. It was blown down in a terrific gale and carried over the falls; and it will not be built again. The place is too difficult and dangerous.

I hope my readers who visit the place will have more time and quiet to appreciate its majesty, and feel the presence of God in this mighty work of his hand. But that one strange sensation they can never have, of standing as it were in mid-air above the very summit of the falls, and feeling as if they, too, were borne onward in all the mighty rush and thunder of waters. *H. A. B.*

THE teacher of an infant school had her attention called to one little fellow who was not listening to what was said. She had been teachinn her class the elements of English history, and wishing to see if he knew what she had been talking about, she suddenly asked, "Johnny, who killed King Rufus?" With a surprised look he replied, "Why, I didn't know he was dead!"—*Well-Spring.*

Pet's Early Morning Call.

Two little feet I hear,
Pattering on the floor
Softly;
Two little eyes there are
Peeping through the door
Slyly;
Birds are piping morning song —
Cautiously he moves along,
Lest he wake me.

Two little hands I feel,
R.sting on the spread
Slightly;
Two little steps he takes,
O'er me — on the bed —
Lightly;
In his snowy white night-gown —
Carefully he lays him down,
Lest he wake me.

Two little lips are soon
Pressing my lips down
Sweetly;
Two little arms are there,
Twisting my neck around
Gently;
Roguishly his eyes meet mine —
Laughingly he says 'tis time
I should wake me.

Protestant Churchman.

A Lie Sticks.

A little newsboy, to sell his paper told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath School.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. Oh! would it not buy lots of things? While he was thinking, another boy behind him cried out,

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars are gone, and the things you've got with them are gone, too, the lie is there just the same," answered the boy.

Ah, yes! That is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may go, but that will stay, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not, a hard and heavy load. — *Post.*

TO know how to wait is the great secret of success.

Sunday School Concerts.

As the Sunday School year opens, we would like to publish more frequently pieces of a religious character suited for recitation in concerts and other public exercises. Arrangements of Scripture texts for recitations, a group of Scripture verses or other verses, or the two mingled, on a single religious theme, short dialogues and colloquies, and single pieces will be received with equal thankfulness.

When these are arranged for private use, as they often are, do not let them be limited to a single school but send them to the MYRTLE. It furnisees a convenient place to publish them, for the schools themselves, as the duplicate copies of the paper save all the work of copying parts.

We hope to furnish many of these much needed helps to our Sunday School work during the year. Will teachers and friends take notice and come to our assistance? The scholars, too, shall have a fair chance to be heard, if they will submit their youthful work to our hands.

A Sunday School Meeting.

The Vermont State Convention held the 26th and 27th of August followed the good example of most of our Conventions and had a Sunday School meeting. This was held at ten o'clock of Wednesday morning. After devotional exercises and fine singing, an address was given by Rev. E. J. Chaffee of Chester on "The Advantages of the One Lesson System, and our duty to the *Helper*." It was excellent, and will be published in full in the October *Helper*. Afterwards came an addr. ss on the "Importance of the Sunday School," by Rev. J. E. Wright the Unitarian pastor of Montpelier. Mr. Wright gave several special reasons for the importance of Sunday School work as follows :

1. In many localities a Sunday School can be supported where a church could not.

2. Many children in towns and villages whose parents do not attend church, can be gathered into a Sunday School.

3. Ordinary sermons are not prepared to meet the need of children and the young.

4. Children can be easily taught the truths of religion. As Dr. Bushnell says, "Children may not *think* the Gospel experiences as well, but they can *have* them a great deal more easily than adults."

5. Religious instruction is being crowded out of the public schools.

6. The children are bound to the church through the Sunday School.

7. The Sunday School gives a field for exercising the Christian graces, and so of cultivating them.

This is a great deal of truth to put into one address!

After this, Mrs. E. J. C. Noble, Superintendent of the school at Chester, gave an address on "How to use the Blackboard." She illustrated her theme with a blackboard exercise on the theme of "Steps to Heaven." That this exercise showed her to be fitted for her work as Superintendent appears from a resolution afterwards passed by the Convention: "*Resolved*, That Mrs. E. J. C. Noble be employed by the Convention to visit the Sunday Schools of the State with reference to her methods of teaching." This shows how much practical good these Convention meetings may do for the Sunday School cause.

Vacation Over.

Before this number of our paper reaches its readers, the children will all be home from their vacation, the school books resumed, the Sunday School reassembled, and everything going on as usual.

Shall it be just as usual, or shall we not make everything a little better than it has ever been before?

Why do we have year after year given to us, if not that we make each new one richer and better than its predecessor. We have lived more and learned more — we are wiser and stronger than we have ever been before in our lives. Of course then our duty is greater.

If we tried to study well last year, we must study better this year. If we tried to be Christians last year, we should be better Christians this year.

"Go on unto perfection." says the apostle. "Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forward to the things that are before." These are good mottoes for us to take at the beginning of our working year.

The poet gives us this lesson in beautiful words —

> "So let us live that every hour
> May die as dies a natural flower,
> A self-reviving thing of power."

Every year should grow into the next and make it stronger and brighter. And so we shall continually

> "rise on stepping-stones
> Of our dead selves, to higher things."

Get Wisdom.

ARRANGED FROM SCRIPTURE.

Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

The purchasing thereof is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.

But where shall wisdom be found? Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. Whence then cometh wisdom? Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder, then did he see it, and declared it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out; and unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.

The Suppliaut Mother.

MARK vii. 24–30.

After Jesus had performed the miracle of feeding the five thousand the people thronged after him more than ever. The words of Mark are very expressive about this. The people "ran through the whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick where they heard he was; and whithersoever he entered into villages or cities or country, they laid the sick in the streets and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment." Think of the picture that must thus have been presented as he went from town to town, — this strange crowd of sick, suffering, and anxious ones bringing their sorrows to be healed by this great Physician!

It was in this way that he took a summer journey with his disciples a long way from their home at Capernaum; across the whole province of Galilee to the northwest. "They came unto the coasts of Tyre and Sidon;" that is, into the vicinity of those towns which were in the province of Phœnecia, on the Mediterranean sea. It may have been for rest from this multitude that they went beyond the borders of their own country; for we read that Jesus went into a house and would have no man know it.

"But he could not be hid." His fame was not confined to the Jews, but had gone before him to this distant province. No sooner had he entered this house where he had hoped to be allowed to rest, than a certain woman who had heard of him came, and threw herself at his feet.

She was no countrywoman of his, but a Greek, one who had no claim upon the Jews, and whom an ordinary Jew would have despised. For the Jews were very haughty people, and felt towards the "barbarians" around them, as the nobility of old countries feel towards the common people, or as the white race sometimes feels towards the black one. They not only felt themselves better than other nations, but they felt that God did not love other nations as he loved their own.

Jesus had his Jewish disciples with him when this foreign woman came to him. And in his dealing with her he had a chance to teach them a lesson as well as confer on her the blessing she prayed for.

What was this blessing? it was that the great Healer would cure her daughter who was at home, sick, "grievously tormented with a demon." Whether her affliction was insanity or some bodily disease we cannot know. That the woman attributed it to an unclean spirit only shows what was the common belief of ignorant people.

Jesus might have healed the daughter at a word; but he would first test the mother's faith before these Jewish listeners. Doubtless he who could read her heart knew she would not fail in the test. Do you not know, he said, that I am sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel? And then he quoted the proverb to her, we may imagine it was with a smile, — "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs."

"Yes, Master," she said, "but the dogs under the table eat the children's crumbs."

Do you see how beautiful was this answer? how fearless and how trustful! She made no claim to be worthy of his goodness, but she believed his goodness would overflow even to her.

This was such an answer as delighted the heart of the Master. This union of humility and faith was as dear to him as it was rare in his experience. Not so was he approached by the proud and haughty Pharisees who questioned and distrusted him, desiring continually some new sign of his power. To be trusted was the longing of his heart. "I have not found so great faith," he said on another occasion, "not even in Israel." "O woman, great is thy faith," he now answered. "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." So her daughter was healed, and his disciples at the same time learned that their Master had the same compassionate heart for all sufferers that he had for the sufferers of the "house of Israel."

God loves all and blesses all; but he blesses most freely those whose hearts are open to him, and who earnestly desire his blessing. The sick people who were laid in Christ's way in his journey through the villages would not have been healed by him if they had not been brought to him: and this not on account of his unreadiness, but on account of their own. The Greek woman's child would still have suffered on, if she had not come and pleaded with the Master. The disposition to do good was in his heart; but it was her part to present to him the opportunity. We see by this how necessary as well as natural is the way enjoined by Scripture, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." As we have before said, we may receive without asking, but we certainly shall never ask without receiving.

And asking is twice blest when it is done in this spirit of humility and trust, that puts forth no claim except the mercy of God. Not because we are worthy but because he is good, we may confidently hope for his blessing.

"I trust because thy mercy, Lord,
Is limitless and free.
Since thy salvation reaches *all*,
It reaches even me."

Answer.

SEPT. 12. Cain; Hiram; Aceldama; Rainbow; Laban; Elijah: Sinai; Egypt; Balaam; Ananias; Rachel; Naaman; Eutychus; Samaria.

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